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A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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No. 317.

BLUE VIOLETS.
BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I have been on the hill
Where sleep the dear ones whom we miss so much.
To see if spring had made the violets thrill
To new life, at her touch.

The snow lay here and there
In shadowy nooks where sunshine feared to go,
But where the sun had kissed the sod, and where
The grass began to grow.

I found some shy, sweet blossoms,
Sweet with the fragrance of a summer dead;
Or was it not the memory of perfumes
That stirred their hearts instead?

And as I gathered there
The sweet blue violets for my lonely room,
I thought: Each blossom is a tender prayer
Breathed upward from the tomb.

For this I hold as true:
Our loved ones, when they leave us here alone,
Will still have tender thoughts for me and you,
Whose love they long have known.

And from their lowly rest
They pray for us, and every loving prayer
Becomes a flower, to blossom on their breast,
And shed its sweetness there.

And on your grave so lonely
Our friend and youth of violets met my view,
And as I looked I saw a fair bud blow
To me, "I think of you!"

Ah, yes! you thought of me!
I know you heard me, when I softly said:
"Rest peacefully, and may your slumber be
Sweet in your lowly bed."

I felt a soft wind blow:
From every violet rose a fragrance rare;
An angel came, to heavenward bear, I know,
The incense of your prayer.

Kansas King:
OR,
THE RED RIGHT HAND.

BY BUFFALO BILL (HON. WM. F. CODY),
AUTHOR OF "DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT," "THE PRAIRIE ROVER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE CABIN IN THE HILLS.

WHEN Red-Hand had walked away from the maiden and her father, there was a silence of several minutes; then the old man said:

"Pearl, you must not wander thus far from the retreat, in future, for my scouts bring me news of an invasion into our territory."

"Are soldiers coming into the hills, father?"

"Soldiers or citizens, they are all the same to me, and I am determined to make these hills too hot to hold them by heaven! The man who has just left us doubtless belongs to one of these invading bands."

"Father, why in it you so hate your race? Tell me, I pray you, why you thus hide away from our own people?"

"Pearl, never dare to question my actions again," almost shrieked the old man, and then he continued:

"You have food in plenty, clothes to wear, and what more do you want?"

"Here no one molests us, and in the settlements and cities life is a continual struggle and all men are evil—ay, against all men I have a hate that will go with me to the grave."

"Girl, you know my vow, and I repeat it, that I will kill, or cause to be killed, every pale-face that comes into these hills."

"What is there so spot where I can find seclusion from my hated race?"

Pearl gazed upon the excited face of her father with a feeling of awe, and, accustomed to be wholly governed by him, she made no reply. The old man walked up to the bodies of the dead Indians and examined them attentively, after which he said:

"Pearl, these red-skins belong to the band of the young chief White Slayer—can he have ordered this attack on you?"

"I do not know, sir; but I do know they rushed upon me to make me prisoner and I fled to yonder ledge for safety, and shot two of their number. Had not the brave man who has just left us come to my rescue I would have been slain."

"Strange, very strange. Did you have any words with White Slayer when he was last at the retreat?"

"I told him I would never become his wife."

"Ha! then he it was who ordered this attack upon you. Come, girl, we must be off."

Leading the way the old man started off up the gorge, followed by the maiden, whose lovely face had become strangely moody.

After traversing a distance of several miles the man led the way up the steep hillside, and for half an hour the two climbed up the mountain, until they came to a ledge, a shelf, half an acre in size, and above which the mountain towered to a vast height.

From this ledge a grand and extensive view was had for miles and miles of country, and far below lay valleys traversed by running streams, and deep rocky canyons where it seemed hardly possible for man to go.

Against the base of the cliff, and fronting the magnificent view, was built a log cabin, constructed for both defense and comfort, and the two windows commanded the only visible approach to the ledge, the one by which the old man and maiden had come.

The cabin had one door in front, and this was open, for in it sat an old Indian woman, pouring coffee in a stone jar.

Within, the cabin was divided into two rooms, the first containing a rude table in the center, a cupboard with dishes and pans, a



"Come, Tom! for your life come!"

pearce, one of the Cooper novel stripe of Indian braves, for his form was literally perfect, and his face almost handsome.

His attire was also far better than that usually seen among red-men, his leggings being handsomely bordered, as was also a hunting shirt of the finest dressed deer-skin.

A coronet of gorgeously dyed feathers surrounded his head, and in his belt was stuck an ivory-handled bowie-knife, a tomahawk, ingeniously carved, and a revolver, while by his side lay a silver-mounted rifle.

"The White Slayer is glad to see the Gray Chief; will he enter the wigwam of his red brother?" and the young warrior spoke with a dignity and politeness that seemed natural to him.

"No, the White Slayer is false to me. Why did he attempt to carry the Pearl of my heart from her cabin home?" angrily replied the white man, whom the Indians called the Gray Chief.

A flush stole into the red face of the young chief at the charge, and for a moment he was silent, but then said earnestly:

"The heart of the White Slayer is not here in his bosom, but with the pale-face maiden on the hill. She is the dewdrop that refreshes his life, and yet she turns her eyes from the White Slayer, though he is the chief of his tribe."

"All true, chief; but, did you expect to win the girl by force?"

"Could the White Slayer use his arm to ward the Pearl of the Hills?" indignantly said the Indian.

"And yet you sent five of your braves to take the Pearl captive."

"Would the Gray Chief trifly with White Slayer, or does he speak with a false tongue?" said the chief, and glancing into the Indian's face, the old man read there only truth, and felt that he had not ordered the violence done Pearl.

Then in a few words he told the young chief all that had occurred, and with a surprised front the White Slayer heard him through.

Then he said:

"The young men who thus acted toward the Pearl of the Hills were squaw braves, and I am glad to see you are of the same mind."

"White Slayer knows who has done this wrong to the Pearl, and he shall make his knife drink his blood for it; but, Gray Chief, the pale-faces must not come into our land—no, they must be swept back upon the prairies."

"Do not act in haste, for those men come here to remain, take my word for it; and we can bide our time, and so lay our plans that not one pale-face shall ever tread the prairie sward again."

"The Gray Chief hates his people," quietly said the chief.

"Hate! I abhor, I curse them; and, White Slayer, when the scalp of the last man of these bands hangs upon yonder war-pole, I promise you that the Pearl of the Hills shall gladden your wigwam with her presence."

The eyes of White Slayer glittered with joy, but he said quietly:

"It shall be as the Gray Chief says: in one moon there shall be five hundred warriors

"Come, Tom! for your life, come!"

Urged by the earnest manner of his brother-scout, Tom Sun dashed rapidly along the hill, and the two friends were soon together.

"Injuns?" simply said Tom Sun, in an inquiring tone.

"Worse than that," replied Red-Hand, as the two ran rapidly along the ridge, side by side.

"The devil!"

"No, not the devil himself, but a band of his imps."

"You've got me, Red-Hand—not Injuns, or the devil, but some of his imps; they must be wicked fellows to cause you to make such time," and Tom Sun glanced over his shoulder as the two ran along.

"I refer to Kansas King's outlaws," suddenly said Red-Hand, as the two reached the valley and wheeled into a deep canyon in the hills.

Tom Sun stopped short, and turned his full gaze upon his companion, while he said, earnestly:

"Do you mean it? Has Kansas King and his outlaws come into these hills?"

"I tell you the truth, as you will see, if they pursue me, as doubtless they will, for I left them some of their comrades to avenge."

"Doubtless it is a way you have," dryly returned Tom, and then he continued:

"Tell us about it. How did you first discover it?"

"I was returning to camp, and from the ridge above discovered a line of horsemen filing along the valley, and at once ran, to get a view of them, to the end of the hill."

"I saw you making tracks, and thought you were after a deer."

"No, I was after different game."

"When I reached the hill-top I saw the head of the column, and soon over forty of the band came in sight, riding Indian file, and between two of them was none other than Lone Dick, the old trapper."

"Bagged him, have they?"

"Yes, but I think he got away, for I sent a few shots into their midst which certainly did them no good, and I saw Lone Dick make a break down the gulch; if he didn't get away, it was not his fault."

"Then you put back down the ridge?"

"Yes, I saw a dozen start toward the hill, and I thought it best to fall back rapidly."

"You did it, too; but the devils will not come down here, so we had better wait awhile and then scout round and see what is to be done."

"We will go to the glen, now, and see if we have left. I do not wish them to see me, or you, and perhaps we can circumvent any of their plans; but what can have brought Kansas King into these hills?"

"He's had some hot brushes lately with the troops, you know, and he may have come up the column, and soon over forty of the band came in sight, riding Indian file, and between two of them was none other than Lone Dick, the old trapper."

"Not he; no, he has other game. Come."

Saying so, Red-Hand peered cautiously out from the canyon, and then led the way once more along the ridge of the hill, in the direction of the spot where he had knelt and fired upon the outlaw column.

Arriving at the place, all seemed quiet in the glen—yes, the quietude of death rested there, for several human forms lay, face downward, upon the sward, lying where they had fallen when tumbled from their saddles by the unerring aim of Red-Hand.

"By Heaven, Tom, I verily believe they skedaddled after my fire, and were as anxious to get out of the way as I was."

"You bet they were not pining to remain; but, with Kansas King at their head, his men seldom make tracks."

"No, but he was not at their head—at least I did not see him, though I recognized his lieutenant."

"Bad Burke?"

"Yes."

"May the devil fly away with that imp! he is worse than Kansas King, for he has not a single redeeming trait, and when a fellow is as bad as that, I think he is deserted by God, man, and the devil."

"You are right, Tom; Bad Burke is a vile creature, and I wish I had him in length of my rifle; but, come—let us go down into the glen."

"It's risky business, for we have no cover, and might be called to pass in our checks by some fellow hidden behind a rock."

"True, Tom; but my creed is that one time of course it behoves us to protect our lives all in our power; but come, we must down into the glen, and then we'll strike the trail of the outlaws and see where their lay-out is, and find out what brought them into these hills."

So saying, Red-Hand moved over the hill-top, and Tom Sun instantly following, the two scouts descended into the valley, upon which rested the shadow of death.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

The discovery, made by the two scouts, and which betokened no good to the band of pale-faced invaders into the Black Hills, was one that certainly caused them considerable uneasiness regarding the women and children of Captain Ramsey's party.

Returning from a hunt one morning, some weeks after the coming to the Black Hills, Tom Sun beheld the form of a man bounding along the ridge of a high range of hills.

A closer inspection proved that it was Red-Hand, and that he was in rapid chase of some object was evident.

At first Tom Sun believed it was a deer he was anxious to get a shot at, when he suddenly beheld the scout drop on one knee and rapidly his rifle was raised to his shoulder, while once, twice, thrice the flame burst from the muzzle, and the ringing reports echoed down the glen.

"Red-Hand never shoots three times at a deer—no, there goes another shot; and, another—he's on an Injun's trail," said Tom Sun, and quickly he bounded up the steep hill to the relief of his friend.

As he reached the spot, Red-Hand suddenly darted back along the ridge, and discovering Tom Sun, shouted to him in ringing tones:

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "BOWLD SOJER BOY."

CAUTIOUSLY, and with restless, searching eyes, the two scouts descended the hill and soon reached the bottom of the glen, when they beheld a sight, which to one unaccustomed to a wild life on the border, amid scenes of carnage and death, would have been a sad spectacle.

Near the base of the hill lay a gallant gray steed, motionless in death, and still saddled

and bridled, while a pool of blood was beneath his head.

Further on a few yards, writhing in the agony of a broken leg, was a bay mare, her earnest eyes turning imploringly upon the two scouts, as if begging them with mute glance to put her out of misery.

Up to this animal Red-Hand stepped; his knife was drawn from its sheath, and then the bright blade was driven into the heart of the noble beast, while with a sigh, the Scout said, "Poor thing! it is a pity to have you suffer for the sins of your master."

Not ten feet from the mare—who sunk back with an almost human groan when the Scout drove his knife to her heart—lay a man prone upon his face.

He was a burly fellow, attired in a suit half military, half citizen, and upon his feet were a pair of cavalry boots.

His head was wedged into his hat, which the Scout removed as he turned him upon his back, the act displaying a man of red hair and beard.

The face was that of a common mortal, cruel and brutal, and a ragged wound in his side proved the shot of Red-Hand from the hill had gone straight to the seat of life and torn it from its claye throne.

Around a bend in the glen, and presenting the appearance of having been dragged there by his steed, was a wounded man, supporting himself against a rock, and gazing upon the approaching scouts with an expression that was irresistibly laughable, in spite of the seriousness of the situation.

His clothes were begrimed with dirt, his face scratched, and his short sandy hair stood on end, while one foot was bare of a boot, proving that he had been dragged by his stirrup until the boot had "come off."

His attire was a strange mixture of the hunter's garb, Indian costume, and a soldier's and citizen's wardrobe combined, and the front of his jacket was stained with blood, while both hands were pressed upon his right side in the manner of some love sick swain swearing entire heartful devotion to his lady-love.

A belt of leather encircled the aldermanic waist of this worthy, and upheld an old cavalry saber and a large horse-pistol.

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?" said Red-Hand, approaching, and pressing a smile at the strange appearance of the man.

"I take you for just what you are—an outlaw."

"Oh, mither of the holy Moses! an outlaw, is it, I am? St. Patrick and the twelve apostles be after preserving me of I was one of those miserable murthering varmits!" and the son of Erin raised his hands in horror at the thought.

"Now, look here, Paddy!"

"Michael is my name, yer honor, Michael Mullaney!"

"Well, Paddy or Mikey, either one will look well on your tombstone. You must not lie to me; you are a member of Kansas King's band!"

"Oh, mither! yer honor is joking with me. Why, it's meself that is a bowd soger."

"Much soldier you are," put in Tom Sun, with a motion toward his neck with a knife, and Red-Hand continued:

"Now, look here, Paddy!"

"Michael, yer honor."

"Well, Michael, you belong to the outlaw band of Kansas King, and I know it, for I fired the shot that sent you from your horse; strange my aim was not truer."

"Truer! truer is it?" Howly Moses, but it's killin' me, it is," and the Irishman groaned as if in terrible pain.

"No, it has merely cut the flesh and will do you no harm," and Red-Hand examined the wound which had grazed a rib, and thus was the bullet turned from its search for life.

"Ochone! bad luck to you, Michael Mullaney, for not finding out yerself that yez wasn't kilt, and then paddlin' them same legs of yours out of this," and Michael looked with anger upon himself.

"Well, you are a prisoner now, and I wish you to tell me the truth; are you not a member of Kansas King's band of outlaws?" and Red-Hand looked sternly into the face of the man before him, who still continued seated upon the ground, and pressing his hands tightly upon his wounded side.

Promptly the Irishman replied:

"I was after being in company wid the robbers, yer honor, bad luck to them; but yez see I was their prisoner."

"Their prisoner! You were not one of the band, then?"

"Holy mither forbid."

"What were you before they took you prisoner?"

"I was after bein' a prisoner to the Injuns, yer honor."

"Where were you captured by the Indians, and how long ago?"

"Six moons ago, yer honor, I was captured by Little Big Man."

"It is strange that chief did not kill you, Michael."

"Yis, yer honor."

"Now, mind you, I want the truth; where were you before the Indians took you?"

"In jail in North Platte, sir."

"Why were you in jail?"

"I had borrowed a horse, yer honor, and was after forgettin' to return 'im."

"And before you stole the horse, Michael?"

"I was boud soger, sir, at the fort."

"Were you discharged, Michael?"

"I was after discharging meself, sir."

"You deserted?"

"No, sir; I was after going to slape on the road-side, and the rigitment wind on and deserted me."

"I understand; now before you were a soldier what was your occupation?"

"Diggin' prates, in old Ireland, God bless her, sir."

"Well, Michael, it seems you have had a checkered career, which accounts for your variegated wardrobe of citizen, army, Indian and outlaw costume; now tell me, how was it you joined Kansas King's band?"

"They was after joinin' meself, yer honor, for yes see I was in the Injun camps and they clanned the red varmits out and tuk me, sur."

"All right; now, Tom, what shall we do with this wicked man?" and Red-Hand turned to his companion with an approach to humor on his face.

"He is a very bad man, and has been Irish farmer, American citizen, horse-thief, deserter from the army, big Injun and outlaw; but let me ask him one question before we sentence him to death."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Michael, in terror, as Tom Sun turned to him and said, in deep tones:

"Paddy McGinnis—"

"Michael Mullaney, sur—"

"Hang Michael Mullaney! Paddy McGinnis is the name I intend to put on your tombstone."

"Howly Moses! is it kill me yez will do, and thin put the wrong name above my bones? Och, sure, and St. Patrick will niver find me at the day of judgment!"

"Well, the devil will, Paddy McGinnis; now, answer me, sir: Were you ever a United States Congressman or Senator?"

"No, yer honor; it's wicked I am, but I was never that same," earnestly replied the Scout.

"Again, sir: were you ever a New York politician?" continued Tom Sun.

"Niver, sur, niver! Howly Moses protect me from bein' such a vile creature."

"Then he is not as bad as we believed, so we had better spare his life, Red-Hand."

"Red-Hand! Red-Hand, is it? Howly mither protect me, for I dead intirely now," cried the Irishman, turning his eyes upon the stained hand of the Scout, whose face flushed slightly as he stepped forward and said in strangely kind tones:

"Michael, I have seen you before, both in the army and when you were in the Indian camp, and though you have been in bad company I do not think you so wicked but that you can be redeemed."

"Come, my man, let me dress your wound, and then you must tell us all about Kansas King and his band, why they came to these hills, their numbers, where they are encamped, and all we would know."

"It's meself that wishes yer honor many blessings, and I'll be after tilling you ivertying thing yez would know," and a joyous look came into the face of poor Michael, for he felt that for the present his life was safe, and about the future he cared but little.

CHAPTER XIV.

EXTEMPORIZING A SPY.

A few moments passed and Michael found his wounds carefully dressed by Red-Hand, while Tom Sun was making an examination of the body of the dead outlaw.

"Here, Paddy, you are one of the same family, so I guess you are heir to them," and Tom Sun threw the Irishman a purse of money, and bag of trinkets he had taken from his slain companion.

Paddy, as the scouts insisted upon calling him, pocketed the things, and then said:

"Now, yer honor, what would yez have after tellin' yez?"

"Soldering! are you a soldier?"

"And faith, does yez take me for a dishonest man?"

"I take you for just what you are—an outlaw."

"Oh, mither of the holy Moses! an outlaw, is it, I am? St. Patrick and the twelve apostles be after preserving me of I was one of those miserable murthering varmits!" and the son of Erin raised his hands in horror at the thought.

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ted—Tom Sun taking the way over the hills toward his camp, and Red-Hand and the Irishman, after burying the dead outlaw, going down the glen toward the stronghold, where, upon their arrival, Paddy came in for a fair butt for the rest of the gay and reckless miners, who criticized freely his wonderful wardrobe, and asked him innumerable questions—for all of which he had a prompt reply.

Convinced that he could fully trust the Irishman, Red-Hand gave him a square meal, and a pull at his brandy-flask, after which he again went over his instructions to him, and Paddy departed upon his duty, as a spy in the camp where a short while before he had been an acknowledged comrade.

With a virtuous look creeping over his face, Paddy left the stronghold, accompanied by the Scout, who, after escorting him a few miles on his way, left him to go on alone, while he turned off into the hills that encircled the Indian village of White Slayer, the young chief of the wild Sioux.

To be continued—commenced in No. 315.

OUR WOMEN.

What is the theme that now I sing,
With rattling bones and banjo's ring,
While tambourine afoot I sing?

OUR WOMEN.

Who they that, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please,
Through life's tight places even do squeeze?

OUR WOMEN.

Who smile when favorite china breaks?
Who take the topmost buckwheat ears?
Who nurse the baby when it wakes?

OUR WOMEN.

Who drop the needle for the pen,
To make the echoes ring again,
To wake those stupid things, the men?

OUR WOMEN.

Who kindled the Centennial flame
In distant States, where, dull and tame,
The men forgot their country's fame?

OUR WOMEN.

Who, when the men, in blank dismay,
Sat wondering if the thing would pay,
Pulled back their skirts and led the way?

OUR WOMEN.

Who, when the men, in blank dismay,
Sat wondering if the thing would pay,
Pulled back their skirts and led the way?

OUR WOMEN.

Who leave the cradle and the tub?
Who coax papa and wheelie hub?
Unheeding jest and gibe and snub?

OUR WOMEN.

Who worked all day and talked all night,
To build their house, and put to flight
The fools who sneer at Woman's Right?

OUR WOMEN.

Who waked the days of Washington;
Contriving fete and fair and fun,
While Polly puts the kettle on?

OUR WOMEN.

Who, when the days of toll were long;
When 'neath the burden bowed the strong,
Still cheered the faint with buoyant song?

OUR WOMEN.

And sung that lay that no man wrote:
Forever shall our banner float,
Our oriflamme, the Petticoat?

OUR WOMEN.

all three boys started to their feet with alacrity.

"Hold on!" commanded Pickles.

"Eh?"

"Tarry yet a little, there is something else." The three boys exchanged apprehensive glances.

"What is it?" inquired Terry.

"You told the little girl that keeps the peanuts something about Fergus, surnamed the Fearnaut."

"We didn't do nuffin to him! It was Micky Shea, Archie Quale, and der rest on 'em!" cried Terry, quickly.

"That's so," chimed in Rube and the Chick-en.

"Then he really has been sent to the Island?"

"Yes; the Black Maria took him away this morning."

"That will do. You can go."

The boys availed themselves of this permission in quite a hasty manner. Evidently they had a great dread of the little lawyer.

Pickles took a refreshing draught from his mug of lager. Then he set it down, and pushed the money and portemonnaie toward Clinton.

"There's your property, Mr. Stuyvesant," he said. "It is not a very brilliant recovery, still it might have been worse."

"Indeed it might!" answered Clinton. "I never expected to see my portemonnaie again, and I felt rather bad about it, as it was a birthday present from my mother."

"Ah, yes! such souvenirs have a value beyond their intrinsic worth," rejoined Pickles, feelingly; and he finished the contents of his mug. "Happy to have been the means of restoring it to you, my young friend."

"You may as well take your fee out now."

Pickles took the money, folded it up deliberately, put it in the portemonnaie, and closed the spring.

"My young friend," he said, in that smiling and genial manner he so much affected, "if I were to emulate the example of many of my legal brothers, who are considered distinguished professors of the law, I should take the money and give you back the portemonnaie; but my fingers are not so sticky; they do allow something to pass through them sometimes. No, my young friend, no! I have—to use a homely phrase—a soul above buttons! There's your portemonnaie, and my charge is—nix!"

Clinton laughed as he received it.

"You're an odd genius!" he exclaimed.

Pickles nodded his head complacently.

"You are right, my young friend—scion of the Stuyvesants; you hit the right nail on the head that time; I am a genius!" he replied.

"Odd or even, the world will yet acknowledge that Effingham H. Pickles has genius, and the snowy ermine of a judge's robe will sit grace fully upon his shoulders. But—something too much of this, eh, ah! 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' As the Scotch say, 'We must be ganging.'"

Pickles arose, and Clinton followed his example.

"Are you going to try and get Fergus off the Island?" he inquired, as they walked toward the door leading into the street.

"Instanter! I shall release that bold youth from durance ville not perhaps in the exaggerated time designated as the 'twinkling of a bed-post,' but with all possible speed."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you."

"Perhaps it is," responded Pickles, somewhat ambiguously.

"You ought to have something for your trouble."

"I expect to."

"Ah who from?"

Pickles chuckled, and winked hard with his left eye. Then he placed the forefinger of his right hand on the side of his nose in an impulsive manner.

"Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instucted," he responded.

This mysterious intimation bewildered Clinton. "What do you mean by that?"

Pickles grasped the proffered hand cordially.

"Delighted to hear it, Stuyvesant, junior-de-lighted!" he rejoined. "Should the care of life at any time involve you in litigation I shall be glad to serve you in a professional capacity. Pray accept of one of my cards. When this you see, remember me; eh, ha, ah? Ta, ta!"

And Pickles walked away with a consequential carriage of the head, as if the majesty of the law frowned from the brim of his hat upon all whom he encountered.

"Well, he's the queerest customer I ever met with!" was Clinton's conclusion. Seeing a Third avenue car coming he boarded it and went homeward.

Pickles walked swiftly toward his office, and was very much surprised to see a lady standing in the doorway when he reached there.

This lady was dressed in a plain, dark walking suit, had on a black straw hat, from which depended a thick, green veil, which was drawn over her face, utterly concealing her features.

"Hum!" murmured Pickles, and his keen eyes surveyed her critically. "Here's a client for somebody; I wonder if it is for me? A lady, evidently, but does not wish to be known. Ah, hum, hum!"

Pickles raised his hat politely to the lady in the green veil, and with great gravity said: "You appear to be looking for some one, madam?"

"I am," she responded. "A lawyer by the name of Pickles. Perhaps you could tell me where I could find him?"

"I can. *Ecco homo!*—behold the man!"

"You are the gentleman?"

"The identical!"

"This is very fortunate!"

"Extremely so—extreme-ly! You wish to consult me?"

"I do."

"Very good. This way, if you please, madam; my office is on the first floor."

"Yes, I was up there."

"I thought I would await your return here."

"Aha! very urgent to see me!" Pickles muttered to himself as he led the way to his room.

"Some relative or friend of hers has got into trouble, I'll wager. Well, I'm the man to get him out again. 'He can, if any man can.' Here we are; please enter, madam."

He ushered her into his office, which was a great deal neater in appearance than the exterior of the building would have led any one to suppose, and placed a seat for her.

Pickles took a seat on the other side of the table opposite her, and assumed his most affable expression. He was conscious that a pair of very bright eyes were studying his appearance curiously through the meshes of the green veil.

"Suspicious," he told himself. "But that's only natural." Then addressing himself to her, he inquired:

"Pray, madam, what can I do for you?"

"I hardly know how to break the business that brought me here to you," she answered, hesitatingly.

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak whispers the o'erfranght heart and bids it break," he suggested encouragingly.

This quotation appeared to bewilder her.

"Sorrow?" she cried, in a suspicious way.

"Why should you imagine that I had a sorrow?"

"Most people have, and it would be odd if you hadn't," he answered. "Some friend of yours in trouble, eh?"

"Yes, a very dear friend—not in the trouble that you probably imagine, but still in a position from which I would extricate him."

Pickles chuckled in a subdued manner.

"Him? Ah! it's a man, then?" he said.

"Yes—a youth."

Pickles sat bolt upright in his chair.

Fergus Fearnaut!" he interrupted, suddenly.

"Yes—yes—it is he!"

"Aha! I know who you are now, my lady, but I must not frighten you," Pickles admitted to himself. "Did Mr. Rufus Glendinning send you here?" he inquired.

"No, no!" she answered, vehemently. "And he must not be told that I have been here."

These agitated words puzzled Pickles, but he rejoined promptly: "He will never know it from me, madam, if such is your desire."

"It is! it is!" She was silent for a moment, and then resumed earnestly: "Oh! if I thought I could trust you!"

The lawyer was touched by this plaintive appeal. There was one soft place left in his heart which the law had not been able to harden.

"You must trust me, madam, if I am to do you any good," he replied. "If you do not, I can. *Ecc nihil nihilo fit*—nothing comes of nothing. I know it is a difficult thing to tell who you can trust in this world, but we all have to take risks, like a life insurance company. And it isn't easy to pick your friends, either. 'A dwarf is not to be despised, for he may have a giant for his friend, and so be master of a giant's strength.' Give me your confidence."

Pickles made this quotation probably as alluding to his own diminutive size. His manner impressed Lorania favorably—the reader can conjecture who the vailed lady was, of course.

"You have been employed by Rufus Glendinning to make certain inquiries about a boy who is known as Fergus Fearnaut?" she said.

"Yes, madam, I have," was the prompt reply.

"Have you any idea what his *motive* was in urging you to these inquiries?"

"Not the slightest."

"He did not tell you?"

"He did not."

Lorania's manner indicated some disappointment.

"Did you think—had you any reason to believe—that he knew the boy's true name and birth?" she resumed.

"He assured me that he did not."

"But did you believe him? You are no fool—your face tells me that!" Pickles placed his right hand over his heart and bowed his acknowledgments. "What conclusion have you arrived at in the matter?"

"Hum!" began Pickles, with a dry cough, in answer. "I will be frank with you."

"You will find it to your interest to be so."

Pickles waved his right hand in a deprecatory manner.

"So that you could have communicated with your husband and son who are hidden in some swamp hereabouts!" said the officer.

"No, Madam Courtney, we do not post the enemy concerning our movements, and you must excuse us for not sending a sable Mercury in advance. But let me bring this talk to an end. We are as hungry as the devil, and trust you will at once prepare supper for ten."

"Certainly," answered the patriot lady. "Please to dismount, gentlemen, and make yourselves at home on my premises."

She turned away as the troopers began to dismount, and re-entered the house.

"Who are they, mother?" asked her daughter, whom she encountered in the hall.

"A squad of Tarleton's troopers who want to eat us out of victuals," answered Mrs. Courtney with flashing eyes. "Bertha, now is the hour for us to do something for the Carolinas. Those marauders want supper, and we must load the table with the best we have—the wines in the cellar, the new honey in the pantry. We must well prepare the last feast they shall enjoy for a long time!"

"What do you mean, mother?" asked Bertha the Courtney with wonderment depicted in her deep blue eyes.

"I mean that Colonel Courtney must fall upon them while they tarry here. They are the king's men, Bertha; the very men who murdered our friends at Waxhaw Creek, and if they could catch the colonel and John to-night, they would return our hospitality by hanging them before the house."

Bertha's face grew pale.

"The murderers!" she exclaimed. "How many men are there father now?"

"Blackwell's Island."

"Heavens! What is he doing there?" exclaimed Lorania, excitedly.

"He got into a difficulty with some young thieves, and was sent up, by some mistake, but I can fix that as soon as I see the judge that sentenced him. We'll have him off the Island at all events."

"I do; he's in a very safe place. He'll stop there until I go for him."

"Where is that?"

"Blackwell's Island."

"Sixty! What is he doing there?"

"Yes, and I will summon him here!" replied Bertha.

"Do you keep the troopers here with wine and song until you hear the signal of our arrival, a shot without the house. It is almost dark, but I can find the swamp, and Julee will carry me through all dangers."

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He was looking at the loyal woman as he spoke the last sentence, and with the final word began to move his chair from the table. His followers imitated his example; but Mrs. Courtney paid a stop to the movement.

"Gentlemen, you have drank toasts to your king, standing erect like soldiers," she said. "Now permit me to drink to the unconquerable spirit of liberty in North America."

"Certainly, madam," said Duval, who sent a smiling glance around the table. "We would be ungenerous if we refused you this privilege."

Mrs. Courtney returned the major's smile and filled her goblet.

"Now is the time," she thought. "My husband will soon be here, no doubt, and I must not let these fellows slip away."

The next minute she pushed her chair back and rose to her feet.

Every eye was fixed upon her, not without admiration, for she was a regal woman whose beauty, for her years, was the wonder of the Carolinas.

For a moment her eye swept the forms and faces at the board, then she lifted—not the goblet but a pistol, which she had suddenly drawn from the folds of her dress.

"Gentlemen, you will keep your chairs if you value your lives!" she said, sternly, lifting the weapon. "The fortunes of war are fickle, and I trust you will realize that the battle is not always to the strong. Should you ever see Banaster Tarleton again, perhaps you will

Pickles gallantly opened the door for Lorania to pass out. Then he closed it after her, and took up the bank-bill she had left upon the table.

"Let me see what my retaining *fee* is," he said, pleasantly. "Great Janus! Five hundred dollars!—a five-hundred-dollar bill! Pshaw! This is going to be a better case than I expected!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 309.)

Centennial Stories.

"SUPPER FOR TEN."

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

the patriot madam's cheek. It was, indeed, but momentary, for her reply, which quickly followed the question, told that she was herself again.

"I regret that my daughter is not at home," she said. "Were she here she should treat you to a song, for she sings well."

"A song is what we want!" cried one of the burliest troopers in the party. "I know your daughter is a singer, and I have heard that her mother is one of the tuneful birds of the Waterree. Come, madam, give us a song while your slaves are getting us our supper."

"I fear you will not appreciate the few songs I chance to know," the loyal woman said with a flush.

"Which is a high compliment

THE Saturday Journal

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

95 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

To Commence Next Week!

THE MASKED MINER;

OR,

The Iron-Merchant's Daughter.

A TALE OF PITTSBURG.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "\$50,000 REWARD," "THE COL-
LEGE RIVALS," ETC.

Who was he—the splendid young man who descended daily in the dark shaft, to delve all day in the caves of the earth?

Who was he, the rough, hardy old headman, who loving his young companion with a deep and tender affection, stood by him, like a strong rock, when the storm came?

Who was he, who, hounding the steps of the young miner, drew him under the ban of God and Man, and wrought human hearts into misery's abode?

Who was she, the rare, radiant and beautiful woman, herself the victim of circumstances strange and affecting, who floats through the story like embodied dream? Read this

INTENSELY-ABSORBING NARRATIVE,

which is both a love romance and a tragedy—a tale of honest poverty and purse-proud affluence where nobles and the basest passions are arrayed in fierce contention and struggle to the end, in which the author's dramatic style adds greatly to the vivid impression of the startling story. It is, probably, Dr. Turner's finest production, and will now be read with great delight.

Sunshine Papers.

His After-Dinner Remarks.

"THIS is a truly extraordinary age," he said, severely, after the dinner had been removed, arising and seating himself in front of the register.

"Of course it is," agreed she, sweetly. She meant to ask him for money to buy a new French pompadour wash-tumore, the next day. He lighted a cigar, put his feet on the marble mantel, tilted back his chair to a most alarming angle, fixed his eyes on the ceiling, and continued his remarks:

"A most extraordinary age; not of doubt of it! An age of push and rush, and gush, steam, electricity, and gas, and plenty of the latter. An age of political, financial, and social humbuggery, crusades, revivals, and reforms. An age of individual selfishness, public corruption, and gigantic swindles, of exalted theories, enlightened minds, and universal morality. An age in which the greatest marvel of all is how the senior part of it survives the ceaseless shocks of new inventions and new ideas, and how the junior part survives such illiberal and monotonous times!"

"Oh I darling," she commenced, soothingly, with her head on one side, surveying the effect of the new fringe she was sewing on her cuirass basque, as he stopped, to take a pull at his cigar; but he proceeded, with asperity.

"Yet, we do move, with slow strides, toward a higher civilization; and among zealous reformers, and even among some deep thinkers there is no inconsiderable number who assert that that civilization must be gained by enlargement of woman's sphere, the higher education of woman, and a national recognition of woman's rights!"

"And, pet, do you not believe—"

"To the higher education of woman, madam," he continued, scathingly, "I say amen! Let them be educated away up, as high as their intellects can climb learning's ladder. Goodness knows, it will not hurt many of them to get a sensible idea in their heads, even if it is not an original one; at present there are few enough, of any kind, stowed under most fact frizzles, coronal braids, crown puffs, sidecurls and rear plaits!"

"Now, Charlie!" she pouted, reproachfully. He only knocked the ashes off his cigar, and went, spitefully.

"But as for the enlargement of woman's sphere—Heaven help the men when woman dabbles in more occupations than she does at present, or claims more rights than under the existing state of society! Why, already man is her servant, her slave, her fool!" he exclaimed, with the greatest acrimony.

She remembered that when she insisted he should take her old, ripped-up, Dolly Varden silk down to the dyer's that morning, he grumbled that men were women's slaves, and he wished she would not forever be sending bundles by him. But, what was the use of having a husband who went down town every morning, if he couldn't do one's errands that lay in his way! and, really, what he was saying was too rank heresy for a member of the "Bennighted and Oppressed Females' Enlightenment Society" to listen to quietly; so she interposed acidly.

"Then, pray, why does not some one advance an unanswerable reason why woman should be debarred from practicing such professions as the enlargement of her sphere will throw freely open to her? Why does not some one drag to the light of day and reason an incontrovertible proof of woman's inability to exercise those prerogatives that she claims as her 'rights' in common with man? Is it not because a woman can fill any sphere—equally well with man? Is it not because she is really man's equal in mental ability, intellectual culture, and executive culture?"

"No!" he thundered. "There is an unanswerable reason why woman's sphere should not be enlarged; an incontrovertible proof that she is not qualified to exercise the prerog-

atives she claims equally with man? Why, if she were admitted to our official positions, sat on our judiciary benches, and occupied our secretaries, we'd be a ruined nation in a month. She would rob the treasury to pay for red-tape; and the way she'd use it! Every official document would be bound with it by the yards, and then it would not be safe. The pages would slip and slide, and everything would get out of kilter, generally, and private instructions to the Kamschatcans would find their way to the court of England, while Kaiser William would be surprised with our plans for conquering Germany; and the devil would be to pay everywhere!"

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,

95 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

To make his headache less severe—his brain less weary. The actor is conning over the new character he is to assume, for his ambition to be perfect in all he undertakes spurs him on and he is willing to lose rest and sleep so he may ascend to the topmost round of the ladder and be an honor to his profession.

So, you perceive, we are not the *only* ones who are sleepless—that toils, cares and sorrows keep others awake. When we think over these things, and call to mind how much worse off other persons are than we, perhaps our sleepless night has been a benefit to us, after all.

Topics of the Time.

Let every man do his duty, this Centennial spring, beginning by clearing up all such rubbish about his yard as old boards, tin cans, broken bottles, hoopskirts, supernuated bustles, dead limbs, and caved-in barrels.

—A propos of recent developments at Washington, a friend revives the remark of George III., when exposure after exposure was being made of corruption in the Commons and Lords: "I never see a peer approach me without thinking of locking up my spoons." And George, half-sane as he was, was not too suspicious in this matter. The long wars of Great Britain had, as all wars do, brought to the surface every species of rascality until the very ministers in his cabinet were suspected and tainted. In George IV's reign such dirty scamps as Fox and Sheridan were the chief advisers of the throne, and a state of society then existed that the English nation would very much like to forget. Our own so-called "demoralization" is a mere speck on the globe-politic; England, in George III. and IV's reign, was a leprosy.

A grocer in the town of Santa Clara, Cal., has adopted an original method of business. Each side of the store is fitted up for business on its own account. In the general arrangement each side is a duplicate of the other, the difference being that one side is cash and the other credit. When a customer comes in, the first question asked is, "Do you wish to buy for cash or on account?" If it is a cash customer the goods and prices on the cash side are shown, but if it is one who wants credit, he is shown the other side, and made to realize the value of ready money—an idea worthy of imitation. The credit system is the poor man's evil and the rich man's salvation.

—There is said to be a determination on the part of the Commission to close the Exhibition on the Sabbath. The question arises which Sabbath it will be. Many of the nations of the earth will be represented there, and if the Commission endeavor to please them all in this Sabbath matter, there will be no necessity of opening the exhibition at all. For the Greeks they will close it on Monday; for the Persians, Tuesday; for the Assyrians on Wednesday; for the Egyptians on Thursday; for the Turks and all Mohammedan nations on Friday; for Jews and Seventh Day Baptists on Saturday, and for all Christians they will close on Sunday. The fact that each party has equally good grounds for its Sabbath only goes to prove the folly of any one, or set of men, or sect, arrogating the right of exclusive jurisdiction in religious matters. It will end, we suppose, in our own Sabbath being adopted, because it is our recognized national "day of rest."

—A police-officer relates the following as his experience: Whenever an officer hears a woman on the street creating a disturbance, and in a drunken condition, he knows at once that she has been drinking whisky. A drunken woman who has nothing to say has been drinking ale or beer. If she has imbibed too freely of sour wine and eaten too much sweet cake she will be sick—very sick. If she is sparkling and not vicious or disorderly, but would rather sing and be merry than tear the hair out of the head of that other girl, why, she has taken too much sherry and egg; and if she commences to cry while under the influence, it may be safely inferred that she has been taking too much of a throat bath of brandy and water. From the palace to the hovel, and from the luxurious bed-chamber to the hard bottom of the street gutter, women are to be found under the influence of drugs or rum every day in a large city. It is only the more unfortunate, or those who are on the lowermost rounds of humanity's ladder, that ever come to the public notice, or that are ever brought before a tribunal of justice.

—And, children, we have this to say to you: the very next time your mother predicts that "you will not have a tooth in your head" from eating so much candy, reply pleasantly, but firmly, that Henry, Duke of Beaufort, for forty years ate nearly a pound of sugar candy daily, and yet died at the age of eighty with a full set of perfect teeth in his head. If this is not enough, crush your parent completely by remarking coldly in his "Institute of Health" intentions that Mr. Mallory who was extremely fond of sugar and addicted to its use, and who reached the ripe age of one hundred years, having good teeth until he was four-score, and then actually cut a new set. If your father comes to you mother's relief, assure him that teeth have been soaked in syrup for a whole year without any perceptible effect, and that the best authorities now say that sugar is good for children. As a rule, we don't believe in the youngsters rebelling against their elders, but in this case all we can say is—if they have a "sweet tooth" cultivate it!

—The British Medical Journal calls attention to those nicely-calculated muscular effects which in billiards allow the player to place his ball exactly in the desired position. A skillful player is enabled to accomplish this sometimes a dozen times hand-running and then fail. The *a priori* view is that the difficulty lies in getting the ball, by slight muscular action, into the proper place, but the real difficulty is to keep it up. It is not the muscles of the arms that fail or tire; it is rather the muscular adjustment which becomes exhausted. A series of very fine, sooner or later the eye tires, and failure is the consequence. It is quite probable that the brain centers in connection with the eyes, by which the exact calculation of how much muscular power is to be impeded, and how the muscles are to be co-ordinated, are chiefly affected in the exhaustion, but it may be that the muscular action of the eye itself is implicated. As a remedy, in order to restore this very beautiful adjustment of muscular power, it might be well to look away from a billiard-table between the strokes so as to relieve the eye of the exact calculation.

—One pocket dictionary containing all the words in the English language. There you can have them! Put them together right and you will have the finest book in the world, or the finest prose article. In applying epithets in a private quarrel you can sling the whole dictionary at his head, and say "there's what you are!"

—One scholarship in the commercial college. One scholarship in the Reform Farm.

One ticket to the Opera House.

One do to the Poor House.

One elegantly carved turkey (wood).

One razor warranted to stay dull so you won't cut yourself.

One ticket good for one trip on the steam-boat.

One ticket good for one trip on the grass.

One letter of recommendation as to character.

One marriage-license, good until used.

One dozen bars of soap.

One sand-bar.

One wooden lamp; this will burn without oil—if you put it in the stove.

One fine silk parasol, warranted to be large enough at least to throw a shadow over one eye at a time. It will keep off the smiles of the sun, but attract the smiles of some old gentleman's son. One of the most fashionably convenient things to carry, for you will hardly know you have it.

One pair of musically-stringed shoes—warranted to play any tune—the most perfect of stringed instruments.

One lot of last year's almanacs.

One lot in Skunkum, immediate occupation not necessary.

One lot in cemetery, must be immediately occupied.

One divorce, warranted to fit—providing you have "fit."

One chance in Louisville lottery.

One chance for your life.

Ten pounds of sugar.

Ten pounds of fist.

One fore-quarter of beef.

One four-quarter of dollar.

We will give you credit for not asking credit.

—WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

—An English lady named Stratton sends to the London Times an interesting account of her winter ascent of Mont Blanc. She left Chamonix on Jan. 28, with two guides and two porters, and arrived safely at the Grand Mulets. Owing to an accident to one of the porters, she remained at the Grand Mulets till Jan. 31, when, with the guides and the unbroken porter, she started at 3:40 p. m. They arrived at the Grand Plateau at half-past seven. The weather was clear and calm the thermometer three degrees below zero. On arriving at the Rochers Fondroyes the north wind met them, and when they got on the top of the first Bosse du Dromedaire two of the lady's fingers were frostbitten, and the delay of three-quarters of an hour to rub them became necessary. The summit of Mont Blanc was reached at 3 p. m., when the thermometer showed ten degrees below zero. The view, although the same lady had made the ascent three times in the summer, is described as magnificent beyond all anticipation, and much more perfect than in summertime. The Grand Mulets were reached on the return at 7:30 that evening, and Chamonix on the following day, where the party was received with enthusiasm.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfected are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellency of MS. as "copy" third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial paper, and carefully give it its date and page number.—A rejected by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. are given to us as well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases. Correspondents will find replies to queries in the paper issuing three weeks after receipt of the inquiry. To receive a longer reply a longer time is given.

Accepted: "Tested," "To a Malcontent," "A Kiss in the Dark," "A in a Star," "What is it?" "The Last of the Swallow," "Chestnut," "Van Dyck's Ward," "Belton's Prisoner," "A Woman's Cross and Crown," "A Girl's Faith," "Heart Bowed Down."

Declined: "Great Expectations, etc.," "Aunt Horner's Stratagem," "We Hates and One Fate," "The War," "The Raids of the Siron," "Hest," "The Last of the Swallow," "Chestnut," "Van Dyck's Ward," "Belton's Prisoner," "A Woman's Cross and Crown," "A Girl's Faith," "Heart Bowed Down."

SPECIAL NOTE TO AUTHORS. All manuscripts sent through the mails to Beadle and Adams for use in any of our publications must be prepared in writing and rates. MSS. coming to us under contract in postage we must refuse to receive. Several apparently deservable MSS. have this week been thus refused, and have therefore gone to the Dead Letter Office.

S. R. F. Have written as you requested. Your MS. went to Dead Letter Office.

N. H. A. Can supply a complete set of the "Flying"—price fifty-four cents.

T. J. D. and TWENTY OTHERS, Pittsburg. We hold the request under consideration. Others have made the same request.

E. M. Mardi Gras—fat Tuesday—is the day when the *French* eat *fat*. See last issue: "Sunshine Paper."

It is the closing day of the carnival season.

Jos. S. M. We know of no live gorillas ever having been brought to this country. Several *gorillas* have been exhibited, but they were not gorillas.

W. F. W. There are so many books of recipes that, unless those you name are really very valuable and unattainable in the books, it will not be easy to find a publisher.

A BURIED LOVE.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Sweet were the memories of springtime
When we felt the sun's warm glow;
When of flowers we made a garland,
The earth abuzz with bees straying
Through the meadows and the grove,
While the soft breezes were whispering
We too then whispered—of love.

In the sunny days of summer
We wandered happier still,
And lingered beside the blossoms
Whose perfume the air did fill.
We linger'd beside the brooklet
Which through the meadow did flow,
Our love still older grew;
While rains in torrents were falling
We were weeping tears not few.

Fast came the showers in winter
Of the silent falling snow.
But the winds were more no more,
Our hearts were sad as the breezes
While the winds around were chiling.
Our love still colder grew;
While rains in torrents were falling
We were weeping tears not few.
To receive another birth.

The Men of '76.

JOHN STARK,

The Wood-Ranger of the North.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

"The cry of blood from the field of Lexington went through the land. None felt the apoplexy more than the old soldiers of the French war. It roused John Stark, of New Hampshire—a trapper and hunter in his youth, a veteran in Indian warfare, a campaigner under Abercrombie and Amherst, now the military oracle of a western neighborhood. Within ten minutes after receiving the alarm he was spurring toward the sea-coast, and on the way stirring up the volunteers of the Massachusetts border."

Thus the heroes of the Revolution answered the cry of outraged Liberty. Ten minutes sufficed to grasp the trusted rifle, to bid Molly Stark and the children good-by; that was all John Stark's preparation for the field. "Old Put" deserted the plow in the furrow, and, sending his little son home with the oxen, was off for Lexington without even a good-by. How great is the debt we owe to such patriots!

John Stark came of a stern Scotch stock, of the John Knox persuasion, who, for opinion's sake, made their homes in New Hampshire. There John was born, August 28th, 1728, at Londonderry, and there grew to man's estate, along with three brothers. From boyhood the brothers were inured to the perils of the woods—developing in them all both a love for the hunt and a hardihood of courage which, in after years, rendered at least one of them a noted man.

These four brothers adventuring, in one of their expeditions into the wilds of Northern New Hampshire, were surprised by the St. Francis Indians. John and his brother Eastman were taken prisoners; Stinson and William being in a canoe, by John's earnest orders pushed off to escape, when the savages fired on them, mortally wounding Stinson. William escaped, but the two captives were borne to the Indian village, where they were made to run the gauntlet. John's spirit and courage so pleased the savages that, after various trials of it, he was elected a chief of the tribe and remained in their village until ransomed by Massachusetts, a year later, (1758). The succeeding year, agent of New Hampshire, he started on an exploring tour through what is now Vermont, and opened up that country to the knowledge of the authorities and colonists.

When the "old French War" broke out Stark entered the colonial service—taking a commission in Rogers' Rangers, which operated in Johnson's movement on Lake George, Baron Dieskau coming down from Montreal, with a powerful force of French and Indians, was, after two successes, beaten at the bloody conflict of Fort Edward, near the lower end of Lake George, late in August, 1755. The baron was killed and his troops almost destroyed. In this hot work the Rangers bore a very distinguished part.

For two years thereafter the region of Lake Champlain was the scene of no severe general conflict. Both English and French were alert, and almost constant "brushes" were taking place between the scouts of the respective forces. Stark, in this service, soon became noted for his rare courage, skill and endurance. In January, 1757, occurred an event which proved all these qualities. The Rangers, led by Rogers, passed up from Johnson's post at the foot of Lake George, to reconnoiter the French positions at Crown Point and Ticonderoga, on Lake Champlain. The weather was intensely cold, and snow so deep that the Rangers were mounted on snow-shoes. Having captured part of a provision train passing between the two French posts, the Rangers were assailed by a strong force and had a most terrible fight, lasting from two p. m. until dark, when Stark led off the remnants of the Rangers, bearing along with him the wounded Rogers. Leaving the almost frozen men Stark started for relief, and by the evening of the next day had traveled forty miles on his snow-shoes, and returned the third day with the necessary means of bringing in the wounded. For this series of acts he was made a captain.

In the dreadfully disastrous events of 1757 the Rangers participated actively. Montcalm came down against the post at the foot of Lake George (Fort William Henry), and besieged the place with a force of about nine hundred French, Indians and Canadians. After a very brave resistance it capitulated, August 2d. The French commander was powerless to protect the garrison from the savages in his command, and an almost general massacre ensued of men, women and children. The Rangers were outside, and by their aid and safe conduct to Fort Edward, saved many of the fugitives.

This massacre, condemned by the civilized world, only proved that the savage instinct for blood was amenable to no authority. The chivalrous Montcalm, we are told, never ceased to regret the atrocious deed.

Stark, now captain of rangers, found service commensurate with his skill and daring in the ill-fated expedition of General Abercrombie, against Ticonderoga (July, 1758). The English were defeated; the brave and beloved young Lord Howe was killed and the disordered forces were pursued back to their forts on Lake George. Stark's rangers kept the savages employed, while the regulars retreated. The services indeed of Stark's, Rogers' and

Putnam's commands saved the whole army from destruction.

The campaign of the next season (1759), against the same fort, was successful, after a severe and sanguinary struggle—the rangers playing their usual role of scouts, spies, advance guard and sharp-shooters.

The "Seven Years War" ended in 1760. The French were dispossessed of all their possessions in the Canadas and the territory of the North-west.

Twelve years of peace and again the tocsin sounded. It found John Stark ready for the call. He answered the cry from Lexington as stated in our opening paragraph; in ten minutes he was on his way thither, and reached the field at the head of 1200 men who had gathered at Medford, in answer to his call. They arrived in time to assist in the fortification and battle of Bunker (Breed's) Hill, and did terrible work with their trusty old rifles, for, like Stark, many of the men had been "trained to death-deeds" in the Seven Years War.

After this service the old Indian fighter was sent with Gates to the Northern posts, on his old stamping ground—watching the enemy from old Fort Ticonderoga which Ethan Allen had captured, a few months before.

In December, 1776, he reported at Washington's head-quarters, to find all there in confusion—the army literally disintegrating by reason of the time of enlistment having expired. His own old brigade was "bound for home," but Stark "went into the recruiting business" and every one of the New Hampshire men re-enlisted for a six weeks term—during which time Washington had resolved upon the bold stroke of re-crossing the Delaware and assaulting the enemy at Trenton. Coming late into the council of war held on the evening of December 24th, Stark was asked by the commander-in-chief his opinion of the best mode to pursue under the circumstances—not yet having been advised of the commander's purposes.

Stark answered: "Your men have long been accustomed to place dependence upon spades and pick-axes for safety; but if you ever mean to establish the independence of the United States you must teach them to rely upon their fire-arms."

To which the discerning Washington replied:

"That is what we have agreed upon. We are to march, to-morrow, upon Trenton. You are to command the right wing of the advanced guard and General Greene the left."

And the events of the next few weeks showed that Washington had chosen well, for Stark participated in the sudden activity which almost drove the enemy out of New Jersey.

The cry was for men to serve for the war. To expedite this desired enlistment, Stark returned to New Hampshire, where, chiefly through his own influence and exertions, a fine body of troops was secured and sent forward in detachments; but when he was ready to resume his command, to his amazement he found himself, by order of the war commission, out-ranked by his juniors, and, in disgrace, he threw up his command.

Returning to his farm, he equipped his four sons to fight in the ranks, and having dispatched them, he took their place at the plow. Every friend protested against his retirement. The noble-hearted patriot, Philip Schuyler, begged him to remain, but the sturdy old soldier answered:

"An officer who cannot maintain his own rank, and assert his own rights, cannot be trusted to vindicate those of his country."

Sentiments worthy of a true soldier.

When Burgoyne came down from Canada, to conjoin the forces of Clinton advancing up the Hudson, and thus to disperse the field of war, Stark beheld the peril, even from afar; but when Burgoyne had retaken Ticonderoga, and from thence threatened to devastate Vermont (then known as the territory of the New Hampshire Grants), the State of New Hampshire called him to assume command of its little army raised for home defense. He answered willingly, and soon had a thousand men in the field at Bennington. There he received orders, from General Lincoln in person, to move his troops to the west banks of the Hudson, to join the army under Schuyler; but John Stark refused to obey any command save that of his own State; he was there to protect his own soil from invasion, and do that he would. "On Molly Stark would be a widow."

He soon had to prove the wisdom of his decision. Burgoyne sent a strong and well-appointed force to capture Bennington and its valuable stores, which he greatly needed.

Stark with his new militia promptly moved forward and confronted the enemy, who entrenched and sent for reinforcements. Then the old ranger resolved to assault, and did so, August 16th—striking the enemy from their quarters at once, himself leading the front attack. Without bayonet, saber or artillery, to assail a well-entrenched fort, provided with artillery, was a vast exploit, but it had to be done; and so done was it that, after a terrible struggle of two hours the British were beaten and all their camp and train secured.

Just then the reinforcements dispatched by Burgoyne—a body of Germans (Hessians) one thousand strong—came upon the ground and the battle was renewed. Stark was like a raging lion. Not a militiaman flinched, and soon they were cheered by the arrival of a new regiment under Col. Horner, who "went in" with such elan that the new British force was driven back in disorder and with heavy loss.

This splendid affair was Burgoyne's first check, and so inspired the patriot cause that the militia fairly flocked to Gates' army to crush the invader. Congress expressed its joy by a vote of thanks and a restoration of Stark to his old rank of brigadier. With his men he now joined the main army and was in at the final capture of the whole grand army and its splendid material.

Stark's succeeding service was one of constant trust. He was stationed on the Hudson at West Point and sat on the court-martial that tried Andre. He did much to keep up the spirits of the New England States. His stern patriotism was felt throughout the ranks, and next to his old comrade in arms, Putnam, he was the popular favorite. The surrender of Burgoyne left the Northern army but little else to do than to watch; hence no service offered which further tested the old ranger's fighting qualities, and when the end came he returned to his home, one of the best beloved and most honored men in New England.

Stark lived to the great age of ninety-four years—then being the last but one surviving general of the Revolution. His remains now rest beneath an obelisk of granite, on a commanding hill, on the banks of the beautiful Merrimac. The record simply reads:

MAJOR-GENERAL STARK.

Even when that granite obelisk is no more the memory of John Stark will be dear to the sons of the Granite State.

A True Knight:

OR,

TRUST HER NOT.

BY MARGARET LEICESTER.

CHAPTER IX.

A BRAVE HEART'S GOOD-BY.

A WEEK or two have passed. How stands the game now?

Mr. Wylie, an eminent New York caricaturist, bearing a letter of introduction to Barthold Verne from a well-known publisher of that city, is a daily visitor, not only of the author's, but of his lovely children Maiblume and Coila. He cheerfully "roughs it" in the village, sleeping in a whitewashed bedroom the size of a sandbox, and smoking all night to keep the musketoes at bay; eats flapjacks and hominy with pious thanksgiving, and hob-nob with brown-handed farmers between the turnip-rows—all for the felicity of dawdling some hours every day beside the ladies of the cot-

chapter. You and he are friends of many years' standing, and you have the highest respect for his opinions. You can't be comfortable as long as I am here, a daily subject of contention between you. I began by saying that I must put an end to that state of matters to-day; I can only do so by resigning my situation as your secretary."

His voice died away in husky murmurs, for dearly he loved the man who had ever been so truly kind to him, but his face still shone with that pure, proud strength.

Verne writhed in his chair, changed color, gnawed his lip, and finally two big tears rolled down his cheeks, and he looked up in the heroic face with harrowing entreaty.

"I am a fool, I dare say," said he, "but I can't believe you false, George—I can't believe you unworthy! If you go away, I'll break my heart and Maiblume's, too—poor Maiblume!"

"Oh, have mercy!" gasped George, trembling. "You tempt me too much! It is cruel! I must go—I couldn't stay another hour here, or I should forget myself and prove indeed both false and unworthy."

Mr. Verne turned away abruptly, and, leaning his forehead against the window-pane, remained silent for a long time; but George could see by the movement of his shoulders that he was sobbing like a great boy.

By and by he turned round, his face suddenly glistening; and said, with a forlorn attempt at frigid majesty:

"Yes, Mr. Laurie, I see it is best for us to part. Since you are quite willing to give us all up for the sake of some Quixotic scruple, it is evidently the best thing to do. You will find what is due of your salary in the drawer, there, and the girls are at hand, I dare say, if you wish to bid them good-by. You don't wish to? Oh, very well—perhaps it is better so! Good-bye, then—and—and—God bless and keep you, boy, wherever you go!" He wrung George's hand convulsively, broke down, and hurried from the study.

George left the house a few minutes afterward, with a heart that was bursting with grief. In all his bright, short life nothing like this had ever befallen him; love, honor, respect, had ever been accorded him.

And now! Homeless, friendless, enveloped in a cloud of suspicion and distrust—oh, it was hard to bear! In his distress he had hoped to slip away without the agony of encountering Maiblume, but this was not to be.

He came upon a very sylvan group beneath a wide spreading cedar in the grassy land which led to the hamlet; Maiblume, Coila, Mr. Paul Stanley and Mr. Nowell Wylie, all reclining in languid attitudes on the flower-grown grass.

Stanley's richly curled head lay upon the gauzy hem of Maiblume's draperies, and his full eyes, passion-fired, rested upon her pallid, half-averted face.

Mr. Wylie, his back propped up against the trunk of the tree and his sketch-book on his knees, made shift to pass the time agreeably by handing cartoons by the gross to the chattering Coila; who, in a diaphanous cloud of rose-tinted frippery, reposed by Stanley's side at Maiblume's feet; and with innocent wile sought to lure that gentleman from his unwelcome worship at her grieving Maiblume's shrine; and this in spite of the shrinking timidity with which she had never ceased to regard the gifted bard. Devoted Coila! No wonder if Maiblume's cold, trembling hand often stole with grateful pressure into hers; no wonder if the admiring Wylie turned his great globular eyes upward as if appealing to the heavens to behold and reward such beauteous self-sacrifice; no wonder if even the infatuated poet himself sometimes glanced her way with lazy interest in his beauty-loving eyes!

Upon this pastoral idyl came George Laurie, haggard, broken-hearted, with despair in his hurried gait.

"Oh! George!" gasped Maiblume, hearing and seeing him first as only Love can hear and see; and she rose with her bare hands outstretched as if to grasp and comfort him, while all the dainty color forsook her quivering lips, and the big tears brimmed in her exquisite eyes.

Coila, too, uttered a tiny scream of sore dismay, and ran out to him and stopped him.

He saw he was in for it, and like a brave man he gulped down his heart for that time and met it right gallantly.

He took Coila's clinging hand and walking with her into their midst said with a smile:

"I thought I was not to see you again, ladies; but Fate is kinder to me than I deserve. Circumstances have arisen which make it necessary for me to leave Stormcliff, and your father's service, Miss Verne, without delay. In fact I have bade him good-bye and am going now."

Paler and paler waxed the stately Maiblume till no lily-of-the-valley could outstrip her in bloodless purity; and a woeful shadow crept into her dilating eyes.

"You leave us now—forever?" faltered she, unconsciously wringing her slight hands.

"Now, and forever!" answered George, low-voiced, while all the heroism in his heart trembled on its throne.

She gave him one look. Oh, agony! Love—reproach—despair appealed to him to remember her even at the expense of Honor!

He looked—hesitated—tottered on the brink of a wild disclosure. Love luring him on, Love pushing him forward; when—thank God! his good angel snatched him back, whispering:

"Be true to your trust!"

He turned away, white to the lips, but smiling bravely.

"It is inevitable; I must go, indeed," said he, and taking her ice-cold, passive hand, he pressed one thrilling kiss upon it and hurried away, quite oblivious of the presence of all the others.

The dead hush was broken by Coila bursting into a passion of tears; whereupon both the gentlewoman and the gentlewoman from their rigid petrification and hastened to calm and soothe her.

And presently, glancing with some timidity, but with devouring curiosity at Maiblume to see how she sustained the loss of her father's secretary, Stanley had the felicity of discovering that she had quietly fainted away.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHILD PRISONER.

MR. NO. ELL WYLIE, with rare delicacy, excused himself at this juncture and disappeared like a flash.

He reached the hamlet in time to see George starting in a light wagon, with a lad to drive it, from the hostelry before mentioned; whereupon, after waiting until he was almost out of sight, Mr. Wylie, as if seized with the spirit of imitation, got himself a horse and saddle, and trotted off in pursuit.

The wagon drove at a dashing rate through

the hilly country, neither driver nor passenger looking back; and the equestrian followed, broiling under the noon sun, but seemingly quite resigned to the infliction and even enjoying it.

The sly twinkles of those rolling eyes as the hot dust rose in stifling clouds under the horse's hoofs; as he wiped the streaming perspiration from his face and neck; as the winding road took him up and up among the fir-clad hills where not a breath was stirring, and even the grasshoppers chirped faintly on the scorching soil.

The silent, chuckling triumph of the fellow, as his horse, with drooping head and reeking sides, at last walked into a bustling townlet after the wagon; as pausing in a by-street, while George dismissed his team and hurried off again on foot, he stealthily kept him in sight, till clear of the houses, he saw him trudging higher and higher among the hills; as stabiling his horse after him, and slouching his hat down over his olive-colored physiognomy and muffling his chin in his scarf, he stole so near that he could distinctly see the convulsive working of George's hands, and hear his broken murmurs of despair!

"Taunt you?" murmured George. "No! No!"

"You only do it to remind me that I am in your power!" continued the boy, never heeding him, and plucking at his long bright hair as if he would tear it from its roots. "You keep me here, your prisoner—hidden away from every one, that you may force me to buy my freedom of you. You have found out whose child I am! I am some great person's heir—I always felt that I was—and you are hoping to make your fortune out of me!"

George receded from the dreadful elf-like being while a wave of bitter anguish swept over his face.

Was this the reward of his heroism? This vaunting ingratitude these foolish reproaches!

Involuntarily the concealed artist cast a keen glance about the tidy room, filled with every comfort which tender care and kind solicitude could suggest. Rough only where the unskilled hands of the secretary had framed table, chair and bedstead out of the old boards which had lain there for years. But what toll, what thought, what expense had the varied items cost!

Mr. Wylie emitted a sniff of intense disgust. George must have heard the graceful sound, for next moment, he stood at the window listening with a startled look, and entreating the boy with urgent gesture to keep silence.

At length, satisfied that he must have been deceived, he turned back into the room and taking a seat beside his fretful charge, took both the boy's shadowy hands within his own, and said very softly and tenderly:

"My poor Aubrey, dismiss these idle fancies from your brain; there is not the slightest foundation for them; some day I will tell you why I kept you concealed in this lonely place, but not yet—you are too young. You must be a man first, with a man's strong heart to meet sorrow right valiantly, and to overcome it by a brave and patient life."

"There is foundation for my fancy," wept the boy. "I am a lady's child; she used to come and see me; you are hiding me from her. Oh, Mr. Laurie, I'll die if you don't give me up to her, she loved me so! When she came to the Home and saw me among all the other children, she ran to me crying and sobbing, and took me in her arms, and called me her beautiful boy. Oh, take me to her, or I'll run away from you as I did from the Home to search for her!"

"Hugh, my child," said George, soothingly; "you speak the wildest nonsense. Whoever she was, think no more of her."

Aubrey burst into a wilder passion of tears and in the bitterest language taunted and reproached his benefactor, who became so absorbed in the task of calming him that Mr. Wylie found an opportunity of wriggling out of his uneasy resting-place and of escaping into the covert of the woods. Arrived at a point beyond the range of the *chalet*, he sat him down on a mossy windfall, and after elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders for some minutes in the hope of relieving his overcharged feelings, he drew from his pocket an envelope containing a number of photographs, and shuffling over these works of art, he selected one and glued his globular eyes upon it.

"By the jumping Jehosaphat!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, "this is the rummest go yet!"

He solemnly returned the photograph to the envelope, secreted that, and taking up the bijou compass which dangled at his watch chain, proceeded placidly to find his way down the mountain, arriving in due course of time safe and sound at the little town. Here he took some pains to secure himself a comfortable dinner, and having discussed the same with philosophical serenity, he trotted back to Stormcliff in the evening a much wiser man than when he had set out.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 313.)

TESTED.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

He sung of love as though on earth its end could never be;

As though no power beneath the sun could sever hearts that love made one.

Above, or in the sea!

But are the strife of life began?

To prove him loyal-hearted,

She needless spoke some bladelike word,

Which he with rising anger heard,

And hearing, straight departed!

and

Hugh studied it intently.
"Has she any peculiarity of manner? any birth-mark?"

"I think I have heard aunt Helen speak of a little scarlet mark on her arm, just below the elbow. I never saw it myself."

Hugh wrote on his tablets again; then looked at his watch, as he arose.

"Mrs. Verne has an hour's start of us, but I am confident I will have news for you this time to-morrow. Don't give up, Mr. Verne; it'll all turn out right yet; my word for it."

He pressed Leslie's hand cordially, as he bade him good by.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 298.)

NEVER MIND.

What's the use of always fretting
At the trials we shall find
Ever strown along our pathway?
Travel on, and never mind.

Travel on, and never mind,
Cast a lingering glance behind,
At the trials once encountered.
Look ahead, and never mind.

What is passed is past forever;
Let all fretting be resigned;
It will never help the matter—
Do your best, and never mind.

Friendly words are often spoken
When the feelings are unkind.
Take them for their real value—
Pass them by, and never mind.

And if those who might friend you,
Whom the ties of nature bind,
Should refuse to do their duty,
Look to Heaven, and never mind.

JACK RABBIT,

The Prairie Sport:

THE WOLF-CHILDREN OF THE LLANO ESTACADO.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.,
AUTHOR OF "OLD BULL'S-EYE," "YELLOW-
STONE JACK," "PACIFIC PETE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UNITED AND SEVERED.

The falling of the severed thongs leaving the prisoner apparently free and at entire liberty, the yell and angry rush of Black Tiger, the foiling of his aim by Mini Lusa, and the lightning-like blow of the young scout, the bold leap for freedom, the mad yell of the Pawnees as they rushed to avenge the fall of their leader—all occupied but the space of a breath.

Tony Chew, revolver in hand, bounded forward to meet the fugitives and cover their retreat, a movement which was promptly imitated by Keoxa and his braves, yelling and plying their bows with vigor enough for double their number.

Despite the haste with which his leap was taken, Jack Rabbit alighted safely among the rocks below, holding Mini Lusa clear of the ground, then, leaping over the still quivering body of the Mad Chief, the young couple ran as fast as the tangled trail would admit toward their eager friends.

What the result would have been had not the Mad Chief fallen and left the Pawnees to their own devices; had instant and persistent pursuit been made, Jack and Mini must have been captured or slain; but instead, the Wolf-children gathered around the form of Black Tiger, who now gave signs of returning consciousness.

It was with a wild, almost breathless joy that the brother scouts clasped hands once more, and though no words were spoken, each perfectly understood the other.

"We must fall back, old man Tony," muttered Jack. "Those imps can run right over us here—back to the opening—chief, fall back!"

The young adventurer's orders were promptly obeyed, and once more the Comanches and their white allies were gathered together near the center of the circular valley. Stern and ready they awaited the coming shock, though as yet the Pawnees were upon the hillside, but Black Tiger had arisen and was now angrily gesticulating, probably cursing the stupidity of his braves. At least they cowered before him like one who, being bitterly reviled, dares not reply.

"Mini," said Jack, his lips almost touching the maiden's ear. "Mini, darling, you will not stay away from me again! You are mine—all mine now!"

"All yours—now and forever," came the low reply, so gently whispered that only a lover's ear could have interpreted the soft murmur.

The loud war-cry of the Mad Chief now rung out, and then the Pawnees charged over the rocks and into the level ground.

As before they were met with a steady, deliberately-aimed storm of bullets and arrows; as before, though their regular front was broken, the Wolf-children faltered not, pressing forward to close quarters, fired by the example of their mad leader. His eyes were riveted upon the little knot of whites around whom the Comanches had closed at a sign from Keoxa.

Then came the shock as the rival bodies met. Once more weapons clashed loudly together, men fell dead or dying, and the hot, steaming blood stood in little pools upon the trampled soil. Hand to hand, breast to breast, dealing blow for blow with dogged ferocity, scorning to yield an atom even when plainly overmatched—thus the contest raged. It was a series of duels, where the vanquished received death, where the victor, never pausing for a second breath, immediately engaged a more successful foeman.

For several minutes the scales were evenly balanced. The savage rivals fought with wonderful obstinacy. The Pawnees were led by Black Tiger, whose arm none seemed able to withstand, yet who was repeatedly baffled by Keoxa, who kept his best braves massed between the Mad Chief and the objects of his vengeance.

But then the terrible effects of the rapidly detonating revolvers became more and more plain, the foremost of the Wolf-children melting away before the scouts' aim in swift succession, until the odds were upon the other side, and the Comanches began forcing the Pawnees back.

Mini Lusa stood between Jack and Tony, and to her presence beyond a doubt Black Tiger was indebted for his life. Had it been otherwise a deftly-planted bullet would have terminated the struggle at once and forever.

Still stubbornly contesting every foot of ground, the Pawnees were slowly forced back toward the rocks whence they had descended, leaving a trail of blood behind them, yet not all their own. Wounded and bleeding freely, Black Tiger seemed to be losing his marvelous power with every moment.

Keoxa was just gathering his braves for one final rush which was to end all, when a shrill yell, mingled with the heavy and rapid thud of horses' hoofs caused him to glance back to

ward the entrance to the basin. The vision was not a pleasant one to his eyes.

Full half a hundred mounted warriors were pouring into the circular valley, brandishing their weapons and pealing forth the shrill, unearthly war-hoop of the Pawnees.

"To the pocket! We can't fight 'em—to the pocket!" yelled Jack Rabbit, encircling Mini Lusa's waist with one arm. "Look to the others, old man Tony—quick! or the dogs will manage to cut us off yet!"

No one thought of disputing his order—there was no time for doing so, even if each had not realized that in the pocket lay their only hope of escape. And keeping close together, with the buffalo-hunter and his wife still in the center, they rushed rapidly across the valley.

Black Tiger also sprung forward, yelling for the mounted braves to cut off the fugitives, but his words were almost drowned by the wild clamor, and the favorable moment was allowed to pass unimproved.

Abruptly wheeling as the entrance was gained, Keoxa and his braves covered the whites as they hastily entered, then, with a final volley of arrows, the Comanches followed, taking advantage of the cover afforded by the thick-lying bowlders.

Mad with rage and baffled revenge, Black Tiger urged his braves on. Dismounting, they scrambled over the rocks under a galling fire from the concealed Comanches. But the question was decided when Tony and Jack opened fire with their hastily reloaded pistols. Unable to strike a blow in return, the Pawnees hastily retreated, confident in the knowledge that their enemy could not escape them, fearing that their vengeance was only delayed, not eluded.

Keoxa was also grimly satisfied. He knew that his braves could keep the Pawnees out were they twice as numerous, until starvation came to the Wolf-children's aid. And long before that period the yell of the Great Eagle would fill the air and his braves raise the siege. And then, having stationed his braves, he lighted his pipe and was soon enjoying the pleasant narcotic as thoroughly as though in his own lodge.

Jack and Tony were together, having placed Mini Lusa in the niche with Senora Raymon. The old scout was looking unusually grave, evidently deep buried in thought. Jack, on the contrary, was smiling and so full of joy that he wished some one to share it with him. The giant borderer bore his sallies for a time in gloomy quiet, but then, as though casting aside all doubts, he raised his hands and moved them rapidly. At first Jack uttered a little cry of wonder, and doubt was plainly written upon his face, but this expression vanished as the fingers moved more rapidly. When they ceased he arose and motioned Chew to follow him, his face pale and fixed, his limbs trembling beneath him as he finally stood before Senora Raymon.

"Tell her all—no, she cannot understand you. Tell your story and I will read it off. Now—quick!"

The fingers moved rapidly. Word by word Jack Rabbit interpreted the mute speech, his voice sounding hard and strained. In breathless silence the woman listened. While the shades of night deepened, the stars came out, the moon arose and cast its silvery beams down into the defile.

The story was a long one, slowly narrated. A brief synopsis will be all that need recording here.

Many long years ago, a hunter, unarmed, weary and footsore, with wounds yet unhealed, was resting himself upon a hillside, when shrill cries, mingled with wild bursts of laughter and the sounds of blows, awakened his drooping senses. Stealing forward he saw a cruel scene. A man, a giant in height and strength, armed to the teeth, was flogging a little child with a quirt, until his limbs were bruised and bleeding. Unarmed though he was, the hunter would have interfered, but as though weary of his cruel sport, the brute dropped his whip and pushed the child into a hole in the hillside, fastening the entrance with a couple of heavy stones, then mounting his horse and riding away. As soon as he vanished the hunter pushed aside the rocks and brought out the sobbing child, leaving the spot as rapidly as his weakened form would admit. The child told him that the "bad man" had stolen him away from home, but could not tell his parents' names.

"Holy Mother grant that it may turn out as you say!" murmured Rosine.

That night delirium seized upon the hunter, and for many a long day he knew nothing.

When he recovered he was lying in the rude *jacale* of an Indian, the child playing beside him. It was months before he could stand upon his feet. When he regained strength, he sought in vain for the parents of the child. No one could guide him. Day by day his love for the little one grew until he no longer cared to find its family. Yet he had a mission to work out, and could not always bear the child with him, so he sought out a friend who was returning to the States and entrusted him with his treasure. Years passed. The child became a young man, handsome, brave and well taught.

And then the borderer told how he had learned the parents of his foundling. How he struggled with his love until a sense of justice triumphed.

"The child stands before you. When I found him, this chain and locket were around his neck," concluded Chew, producing the article named from his possible sack.

Senora Raymon uttered a faint cry and fainted. She realized now how bitterly they had been deceived by the Mad Chief, who, on discovering the loss of the real heir, had substituted another body, mutilated beyond recognition.

"Manketo has been drinking fire-water, that he cannot stand straight!" sharply began the chief.

"He is drunk with the blood of Pawnee dogs," proudly replied the brave, turning so that the moon shone full upon the ghastly wounds that seamed his chest.

At that moment Senora Raymon sprung forward and fell upon the motionless body, covering the pale, upturned face with kisses. It was that of Pablo Raymon.

"You come back alone!" slowly uttered Keoxa.

"Yes, I carried him. The others died—struck by the enemy. So would I, only for him. He is too brave for a Pawnee dog to dance over his scalp."

A wild yell came from the hilltop, and then a huge bowler crashed heavily down the slope.

"And now," he said, at length, breaking the silence, "come—every moment will seem an hour to your friends until you rejoin t' em."

"To carry black sorrow to their hearts—poor, poor Pablo!" murmured Rosina, her eyes moistening.

Leon drew her to his breast, pressing his lips to her brow. He knew how vain and empty words of consolation would sound, and did not attempt them, but gently drew her

wild yell as the suddenly-aroused Pawnees sprung to their feet, Leon Sandoval naturally supposing the shot was fired at him—that some one of the savages had been aroused by his bold exploit. With this belief his first thought was to flee, and he even took several steps toward the spot where he had parted from Rosina; but then he paused. Better die fighting where he stood than lead the savage hounds to a second and more helpless victim. And dropping food and drink, he prepared to dispute their passage while his arms could wield a weapon.

But the hubbub gradually subsided, and none of the savages left the outer chamber, at least in Sandoval's direction. Hopes revived, and with it came curiosity. The young buffalo-hunter crept cautiously forward until he could peer around the curve. He saw the Pawnees were quieted down, some talking, others smoking their freshly-filled pipes. It was all a puzzle to him, though ere long he made a shrewd guess at the truth; that one of the somnolent sentinels had dropped his carbine and the shock had discharged it.

Satisfied that there was no hope of leaving the cavern by this outlet, at least until the Indians had left, Leon, with new cause for fear, cautiously returned to where he left Rosina. Though a silent, it was a joyous meeting. She had heard the shot, and naturally feared lest it had been discharged at her lover.

In cautious whispers Sandoval told her of his discoveries.

"We must find some good hiding-place where we can lie concealed until they leave. There's danger in every moment we spend here—some one of them might chance along, and once they get scent of us, nothing would satisfy them but our lives. Come, darling—keep close behind me—we must feel our way, for a time, at least."

Not daring to light a torch, Sandoval cautiously groped his way through the dark, sounding the ground before him with an of the fagots still remaining, to guard against an accident similar to that which had befallen Pablo. Thus, with one hand gliding along the side wall while the other held his way, Leon proceeded for some minutes.

Next to having found the chamber which opened out upon the hillside, unoccupied, this forced retreat in the dark was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to the fugitives, though, at the time, it would have been difficult to convince Leon that such was the case.

As he groped along through the darkness, Sandoval was guided by the side wall, and, as a natural consequence, he diverged into the first passage branching from that side, nor did he discover the fact, his senses being so fully occupied, and listening with painful intentness for the sounds which he prayed would not come—the yell of discovery and pursuit.

The hunter's hand suddenly slid from the wall. Feeling around, he found—by the sharp corners—that they stood upon the verge of a chamber or enlargement of the passage. Then a low cry from Rosina started him.

"See! a light—above our heads!"

Sandoval raised his eyes, and his heart throbbed with painful force. Above them—how high he could only conjecture—was a light spot, in the exact center of which glowed and twinkled a bright star. There could be no mistake—they were gazing upon the outer world!

The story was a long one, slowly narrated. A brief synopsis will be all that need recording here.

Almost fearing to remove his eyes from the glorious vision, Sandoval bade Rosina remain motionless and await his return. Then he moved slowly about, until he fully satisfied himself that the opening was no delusion, that it was near the center of the roof or vault of the chamber in which they stood. Groping his way back, he said:

"We must pass through that, Rosina, and the sooner the better. And yet—we must have light to guide us. It will be a risk—though we have come a good ways from where we stumbled across the heathen."

"Do as you think best—I trust you in everything," simply replied the maiden.

"Thank you, pet. It is a risk we must run, if we hope to see our friends once more. Aided by a light and my lasso, I believe I can climb up there, and if the rope is only long enough—but it must be! Once up there, I can haul you up—and then, good-by to the bloody-minded heathen and ho! for our friends!"

"Holy Mother grant that it may turn out as you say!" murmured Rosine.

Sandoval crouched down close to the wall and prepared to strike a light. His efforts were successful, and a few minutes later his torch was blazing brightly.

First assisting Rosina to a perch upon a little ledge, some yards above the level of the floor, Leon began his work. This was slow and difficult. The torch cast its rays but a few feet, and beyond this all was conjecture. Sandoval was obliged to cast his lasso around the highest visible point, then climb up to it, perhaps to find his labor all in vain and have to retrace his steps. Still, he knew that it must be done—he was working for even more than life, and with dogged perseverance he stuck faithfully to his task until, when the gray light of morning streamed in at the hole, he reached the opening and crawled through it. Ah, what a blessed moment was that!

Yet one hasty glance around was all that he permitted himself. Returning, he dropped the lasso at full length. It lacked full a dozen feet of reaching the floor—as well a mile. So at least he thought, bitterly, in his first disappointment.

But then his strong common sense returned. Peering down from his perch he saw how the feat could be accomplished, with patience. Carefully he descended to the point of rock from which he had reached the entrance, and then to another, making use of his faithful lasso.

He directed Rosina to descend to the floor, and then explained to her how she was to secure the noose around her body. In silence, confiding implicitly in her lover, Rosina obeyed, and then, slowly, cautiously, straining every muscle, Sandoval drew up his precious load, foot by foot, until her round arms clasped his neck and her moist lips gratefully, lovingly pressed a kiss upon his.

The most difficult part of the task was over, and in ten minutes later the lovers stood side by side upon the mountain, breathing the fresh morning air, reveling in the rays of the glorious sun.

Rosina sank upon her knees and breathed a silent, heartfelt prayer of thanksgiving. Sandoval uncovered his bowed head in mute reverence.

"And now," he said, at length, breaking the silence, "come—every moment will seem an hour to your friends until you rejoin t' em."

"To carry black sorrow to their hearts—poor, poor Pablo!" murmured Rosina, her eyes moistening.

Leon drew her to his breast, pressing his lips to her brow. He knew how vain and empty words of consolation would sound, and did not attempt them, but gently drew her

along in the direction which his hunter's instinct told him they must follow in order to regain the wagon train.

He did not forget the Indians whom he had seen. Knowing that, in all probability they were still near at hand, he used all possible precautions against discovery, keeping under cover of the bowlders and stunted bushes as much as he could, scanning the rocks and points around with a keen, restless gaze.

And yet, all his precautions were of little avail.

When they had passed over nearly a mile of ground, Sandoval dropped suddenly to the ground, dragging Rosina with him. The forms of half a dozen savages had come into view around a huge bowler, not three hundred yards away, directly in their course.

Quick and prompt as was his action, it was too late to avert discovery. A wild yell, bloodthirsty and malignant, burst from the savages, and dropping food and drink, he prepared to dispute their passage while his arms could wield a weapon.

THE DEMON OF THE RAIL.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

He was a man of giant strength
Cast in a mighty mold;
The rays of fire that lit his eyes
Were awful to behold.

I shuddered as I looked at him,
And longed to flee away;
But frozen there with deadly fright
I was compelled to stay.

I marked his brow o'erspread with rage,
I heard him gnash his teeth;
I saw him stamp his awful feet
Which shook the ground beneath.

And as the train came thundering in
I feared lest in his might
He'd hurl the engine from the track
And kill the folks outright.

I marked the demon as the train
Stopped at the depot there;
I saw him spit upon his hands
And begin to tear his hair!

And then he grasped a ponderous trunk
Which seemed quite firmly bound,
And tossed it high into the air—
It crashed upon the ground.

He saw that but one end was cracked;
Not satisfied he took his tools
He chugged it on a smaller trunk
And mashed it very flat.

He slammed valises twenty feet
Against the platform's edge;
What's ever was breakable in them
He shattered in his rage.

The sight of all the baggage there
Seems to have set him crazed;
The passengers who owned the trunks
Could look on amazed.

The wooden trunks like handboxes
He crumpled with a bound;
He looked just like a shipwreck there
For fifty feet around.

At last he spied a leather trunk
Which angered him the more
He crashed it fiercely on the ground
And terribly raved and swore.

He stamped it with his iron heels
And cursed his woeful luck;
He struck it with his heavy sledge
And bashed it with a truncheon.

The demon there had found his match,
The trunks that was the worst;
Do what he would with all his might
It would not break nor burst.

He drew his pistol forth, resolved
To "go upon the shelf,"
He fired three balls into that trunk
And three into himself.

Married To Order.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"CLARENCE—I've not a morsel of patience left with you! I declare I wish you had died when you was a baby, so I would have been spared so much trouble on your account."

Old Miss Angeline Caryl frowned as exasperated as she could, over her gold-rimmed glasses at her handsome nephew, who laughed boldly back.

"Aunt Angie! how can you be so cruel? As if you ought not to consider yourself the most highly favored of mortals in having me to manage!"

His blue eyes were dancing under his handsome brows, and an unexceptionable golden mustache twirled as he compelled his mouth to remain in grave repose.

Aunt Angie gave a suggestive shrug of her shoulders—nearly turned shoulders too, for all her sixty years—shoulders that were always covered by a white silk shawl folded with exact precision, and pinned just below the low ruff of her dress, with the same small pearl pin Clarence Caryl could remember from his very babyhood.

"I do manage you very much indeed, don't I, Clarence? I can tell you one thing, however, that unless you want me to put you down as—well—as the biggest fool I ever saw—excuse the language, Clarence—you will not break your engagement with Olive Osmond."

"I can't say that I really regard it as my engagement, seeing as I hadn't much to do with making it—nor do I believe Miss Osmond regards the ridiculous agreement her mother made with you, an old school friend, at all binding. Indeed, I am sure if the young lady has the slightest delicacy she will scot the idea of my being engaged to marry her—two people who have never seen each other."

His language was forcible, but his manner was pleasant, and aunt Angie saw the mirth in his eyes.

"That's all very well, but I can assure you Miss Osmond does regard you as her future husband—an honor you may think very lightly of if you will, for all her fortune of a couple of hundred thousand that for years I have been successful in keeping for you. You must marry her, Clarence—policy, prudence and honor all urge you to keep your passive promise to her; and her beauty and refinement surely ought to plead her cause. Do be good, Clarence, and—sensible, and let me rest content that when the 'Marcellus' comes in port to-morrow with Miss Osmond on board, you will lose no time in securing a wife possessed of all the acquirements a man could ask."

"So she's actually on her way? and that letter there announces her coming?"

Clarence looked indifferently at the foreign missive.

"This is the letter that came by the 'Entrenous,' and in which Miss Osmond intimates, most delicately, that she hopes her betrothed will be as glad at the prospect of a speedy meeting as she is. I don't see how you can honorably get out of it, Clarence."

He looked solemnly up at the tiny gold stars in the ceiling as he lay with his curly blonde head resting on the palms of his handsome white hands—looked so long and seriously that Miss Caryl's hopes took fresh impetus. Then he turned on one side and she thought, as she looked at the splendid face opposite hers, at the fine, well-developed figure, and thought of all the graces of mind and manner that were the inner adorning of this glorious temple—*aunt Angie* thought what a grand destiny it was for the woman whom this young Antinous should woo for his wife, before whom he should bow that proud, stately head.

Clarence cut her enthusiastic reverie suddenly short.

"I believe I am twenty-eight, am I not, *auntie*?"

"Twenty-eight next second of June, *Why?*"

He utterly ignored her curious query, and went on, placidly.

"And old enough to do as I please, I suppose?"

Aunt Angie's forehead began to corrugate.

"Not if you persist in throwing away the best chance of your life."

He smiled serenely.

"Then you think it is dishonorable to deliberately break an engagement of marriage?"

Miss Caryl lighted up eagerly.

"Dishonorable! Clarence, it's outrageous, cowardly, poltroonish. There is no excuse for a gentleman who will plight his troth to a fair, gentle girl, especially a girl of high-bred culture who loves him truly—and then break it for a mere caprice."

She was arguing Olive Osmond's cause as bravely as she could; and Clarence listened complacently, respectfully, and then smiled, showing those perfect teeth of his beneath the heavy, golden-fringed mustache that he caressed with one white hand.

"Those are my sentiments exactly, *aunt Angie*. I should regard a man as less than a beast who would break his pledge to a woman who loved and trusted him, whom he loved and trusted. And that is the reason I shall not marry Miss Olive Osmond. I am engaged to Daisy May."

His face was full of quiet determination now, but a sudden gleam of mischievous delight sprung to his eyes as Miss Caryl jumped to her feet, her eyes expressing a thousand times more than her tongue could ever hope to utter.

"Engaged—to—Daisy—May!"

"Yes—my fair, pure little snowdrop, with her big brown eyes like wells of crystal water, and her face like a lily-petal, so fair and—"

A gasp of undisguised disgust and disdain from the lady, brought her enthusiasm to a sudden halt.

"You great fool, you, Clarence Caryl! Bear this one thing in mind: you don't bring that little beggar here. And poor, dear Olive coming to-morrow, and—oh, dear, what a born fool you are!"

Her black silk dress fairly quivered with rage as she sailed majestically out of the room, leaving the master of the situation to his own thoughts, that must have been delightfully pleasant, judging by the tender smile that lingered on his mouth, and the proud, brave joy that was in his handsome eyes.

"My darling little Daisy! As if you are not a fortune in yourself that I consider myself blessed to have won!"

And while *aunt Angie* was trying to walk off her anger and disappointment in the room above, Clarence Caryl sauntered out into the street and toward a little frame cottage where Daisy May had boarded for two months, ever since she had come, a stranger and a music-teacher, to the little town where Miss Caryl lived in the grand house on the river-bank, and where she had so effectually succeeded in winning Clarence Caryl's heart, despite the fortune and the heiress to be had simply for the asking.

She was a dainty little darling—a very "daisy," her proud lover often told her, as he held her little snowflake of a hand, and looked such unutterable things in her brown eyes—such love that made her heart almost break from its precious burden of happiness.

A true, loyal, womanly girl, that *aunt Angie* would have idolized had she only known her and been able to estimate her without prejudice; a refined, well-educated girl, with sunny, joyous disposition, that was one of her chief charms—that was mirrored in her face and in her manner as she greeted him in Mrs. Maxson's little parlor.

"Clarence! I am so glad to see you. Can you wait only a very few minutes while I finish little Amy Hoar's lesson? Of course you'll wait."

But the young ladies' seminary at W—had flourished for more than a quarter of a century, and was deservedly popular in that region. Applications for first vacancies were numerous and a hundred happy girls claimed it as home nearly ten months of the year.

The building was of brick and not strictly beautiful in its architecture. The central part had been first built, and as needed, a wing added on either side, so that it presented a particularly broad front.

But the grounds were undeniably fine. A broad walk led from the main entrance down a gentle slope to the large iron gate which seemed to stand guard over the premises. On the right, a fine croquet ground was laid off and amply furnished with balls and mallets, while beyond were shady walks and glimpses of a broad carpet of grass, always temptingly cool and fresh. To the left, a large space was devoted to flowers, and the nicely-kept beds were of every form that ever entered into the heart of man to devise. Time would fail to speak of the stars overspread with verbenas and geraniums, the triangles blushing with pinks, the parallelograms, hexagons, crosses, hearts, etc., *ad infinitum*, radiant with their floral treasures, at once the pride and care of old Tim, the gardener.

"Wait one moment, Clarence, please."

She was gone a brief time, then he saw Amy Hoar trot past the window, and then Daisy came in, her cheeks flushed the delicious tint of a wood rose, and her eyes shining with some great inner glory.

"I sent Amy home—such a revelation as you made need not wait for a child's unfinishing scales. Clarence, dear, what is it? Or—may I tell you that I have heard Miss Osmond will be here to-morrow, at the Bridge House?"

Her clear, pure eyes met his so bravely, so tenderly.

"Daisy, darling, Miss Osmond is coming to-morrow, and that is why I have said what I have. You know all the truth concerning Miss Osmond and I—that I never shall marry her—that I shall have only you for my wife. Tell me you are ready to come to me, Daisy."

His passionate pleading thrilled her from head to foot.

"I am ready, Clarence. Only—is it right for me to stand in the way of this good luck offered you? Ought I allow you to saddle yourself with a poor wife when a rich one is waiting for you? Clarence, much as I love you, truly as I know you love me, I will not lay a straw in your way if there is the slightest regret on your part!"

He stopped her mouth with kisses.

"Daisy, there is but one regret, and that is, that we are not already married. See to it that you do not lay the shadow of a straw in the way. To-morrow, when Miss Osmond comes, you must be my wife. It will be sweetest, sweetest, quickest way to settle the affair."

He went away shortly, and Daisy watched him down the street, her whole heart in her bewitching eyes.

"My grand, kingly lover! my noble, splendid darling! Heaven make me competent to deserve this sacrifice at his hands!"

And she went softly in, a quiet bliss on her fair, pure face that augured well for Clarence Caryl's happiness.

The cozy breakfast table, with its covers for two, and its snowy damask sweeping to the carpet, its silver and china and crystal, its burden of steaming, fragrant Java, hot, delicious biscuit, snowy eggs, and tempting steak, made a very desirable picture that cool winter morning, to which Clarence Caryl's hand, some, rather eager countenance lent added charm, as he took his seat opposite Miss Angie's stern face.

A sealed letter lay beside Miss Caryl's plate; and she opened it while Clarence cut scientific slices of porthouse.

"I presume you will have the goodness and the courtesy to take me to call on Miss Osmond at noon. She has arrived and has sent for me."

Ice itself could not have excelled in frigidity. Miss Caryl's tone and manner, but Clarence's answer was debonair as usual.

"Certainly, *auntie mine*. The brougham shall be at the door at twelve sharp. Shall you bring Miss Osmond home for a visit?"

Aunt Angie's lips compressed more tightly than ever.

"If I did not dread the mortification of having you meet, I would."

"There is nothing to fear on that score. I shall take the two-forty train for Washington to be absent a fortnight. Some steak, *auntie!*"

The breakfast was gotten over somehow; by Miss Caryl grimly, in view of her dis-

pointment and disgust; by Clarence, as one would imagine, considering that it was his wedding day; there remained three hours before noon, which Miss Caryl employed suitably, of course, and which Clarence occupied in driving Daisy May to the parsonage and marrying her, and in securing railway tickets and telegraphing to the Arlington for rooms.

"I will come for you at two, my darling—you will be in readiness?"

She had looked at him with such proud tenderness in her eyes, and smiled at his eager, handsome face.

"Rather promise me that the interview with Miss Osmond will not make you forget me."

He drew up his brows comically. "I hope not, *Mrs. Caryl!*"

Then he drove off in good time to escort Miss Angie to the waiting brougham, that in a very few minutes set them down at the ladies' entrance to the Bridge House.

"Shall I go up with you, *auntie*, or would you prefer to go up alone?"

"I wish you to accompany me, and let me see your chagrin when you see for yourself what a charmingly lovely girl you have so cruelly slighted. She sent me her photograph in a second note this morning, that I might know her when I saw her, and I never saw such a perfect face in my life."

Clarence smiled gayly.

"I do hope you'll console her, *auntie*, and introduce her to Thorn Ridgeley, or Barry Cleve, or some of the fellows, while I'm gone."

They were at the door, and the waiter knocked to be answered by a low, sweet voice, "come in."

Miss Angie walked in, while Clarence followed, to see a tall, elegant girl standing midway of the room, her silken skirt sweeping the floor, her diamonds gleaming, her face alternately flushing and paling as Miss Angie went up and kissed her.

"My dear Olive, my dear child! This is my nephew, *Mr. Caryl*."

But she paused, as if suddenly petrified; for Clarence, after the one second's hesitation, had caught the girl in his arms.

"Why, *auntie*, this is Daisy May—I mean Mrs. Clarence Caryl! We were married not two hours ago! Daisy, darling, what does it mean?"

Her voice trembled when she answered.

"Can't you guess? I am Olive Osmond—or rather was, until ten this morning. Clarence, since she had come, a stranger and a music-teacher, to the little town where Miss Caryl lived in the grand house on the river-bank, and where she had so effectually succeeded in winning Clarence Caryl's heart, despite the fortune and the heiress to be had for the asking.

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The perspiration started on his brow. Horrible! had that girl told the story of his folly to all those companions? He was now sure that they eyed him maliciously.

"I am sick!" he groaned, inwardly.

"Really shall have to take the noon train back to New York. This climate does not agree at all with me."

But the calm, grave gentleman who an hour later was introduced to his first class of young ladies, showed no symptoms of his recent disturbance and the pupils at the close of the recitation were duly impressed.

"I know," said Josie Chamberlin, the tall, fair girl who had attracted Grant's attention, "that Mr. Stannmore will frighten me so that I can't recite a word; he looks so severe."

"Fiddlesticks!" elegantly quoth her special chum, Carrie Hadley. "He isn't going to frighten me with his dignity. By the way, hasn't he glorious blue eyes? And I just wanted to run my finger through those beautifully brushed locks, to see them stand up in all their native—a—curliness; that's the proper word, I believe. I wonder what he thought of such a lot of black patches. Queer idea of old Floy's, wasn't it?"

"Perhaps he thinks," suggested Josie, "that patches are again in vogue."

"I have a mind," continued Carrie, "to put two or three